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McNEILL'S LAST CHARGE

AN ACCOUNT OF A

Daring Confederate

IN THE

CIVIL WAR

BY

Rev. J. W. DUFFEY, D. D.

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Aug. 2, 1912.

McNEILL'S LAST CHARGE

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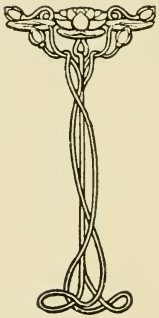
BY

J. W. DUFFEY



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THE publication of McNeill's Last Charge is made possible by the generosity of Dr. Joseph I. Triplett, of Mt. Jackson, Virginia, himself a member of McNeill's Command and a gallant soldier, with whose compliments, as with those also of the writer, the narrative is presented to the surviving members of McNeill's Partisan Rangers.

J. W. DUFFEY.

Winchester, Virginia.
July, 1912.

Captain John H. McNeill

KETCHES of McNeill's exploits, which have appeared from time to time, have passed by with slight mention of the most tragic event in his career—that in which the daring leader met his fate at Mt. Jackson, Virginia, October 3, 1864. At the request of the surviving officers and many of the private members of McNeill's Command, the following account is furnished by one who participated in that brief but eventful campaign.

The Command was known as McNeill's Partisan Rangers, commissioned by the Confederate authorities, and organized by Captain McNeill, in the summer of 1862. His rallying point was Moorefield, Hardy County, West Virginia, but the records show that his operations ranged through the counties of Hardy, Hampshire, Mineral, Grant and Pendleton in West Virginia, and into Maryland, Pennsylvania and the Valley of Virginia. His roster scarcely reached two hundred men, and his active strength was usually limited to one-fourth that number, and yet he threatened in rapid succession so many strategic points occupied by the enemy, it is safe to say that, from first to last, he held at bay twenty-five thousand Federals who otherwise would have gone to strengthen the forces in front of General Lee. Considering the actual number of his fighting force, his captures, especially of prisoners, will compare favorably with those of any other Confederate leader.

As the capture by McNeill's men of Major-Generals Crook and Kelley in Cumberland, Maryland, is a widely-known incident of the civil war, and as that capture was made after the death of Captain McNeil, it may not be improper to state here

that Captain McNeill's son, Lieutenant Jesse C. McNeill, was in command on the Cumberland raid. That remarkable capture was engineered by John B. Fay, a native of Cumberland, and one of the most intrepid of the Rangers.

The latter part of September, 1864, Sheridan's army advanced up the Shenandoah Valley to Harrisonburg, holding Winchester, sixty-seven miles in his rear, as a base of supplies. Captain McNeill concluded to make a reconnaisance of that intermediate territory with a view of intercepting one of Sheridan's supply trains. Accordingly, on September 30th, he picked out of his Command about fifty men, and, leaving Lieut. I. S. Welton in command of the camp in the Cove, a favorite rendevous girded by mountains in the eastern part of Hardy County, he started on what proved to be his last expedition.

That evening he camped near Orkney Springs, and dispatched Joseph and John Triplett to Mt. Jackson, their native town, twelve miles distant, to ascertain whether or not any of Sheridan's wagon trains were in that section.

The Valley pike, a macadamized road which passes through Mt. Jackson, was the military highway of the Shenandoah Valley, and running parrellel with it on the west side of the Valley are two roads, known as the Middle and the Back road, the distance between them varying from two to four miles. But the intervening hills obstruct, for the most part, the view from one road to the other.

Before his scouts had time to report from Mt. Jackson, McNeill was informed of a wagon train moving down the Valley below Edinburg, ten miles north of Mt. Jackson. He de-

camped at once, and so effectually eluded his own scouts that they failed to strike his trail again. At daybreak he was on the Back road proceeding down the Valley; but not until late in the afternoon could a position be secured near enough to the pike to ascertain the strength of the train guard. From a hill-top, almost due west of Middletown, could be seen a hundred wagons moving leisurely down the pike; but, alas, there could be seen also a line of infantry covering both sides of the train, a guard of at least fifteen hundred men.

Ordinarily men accept conditions of fatigue and hunger with a measure of equanimity if something worth while has been accomplished, but that night when the Rangers camped near the mountain, there was absolutely nothing to nibble at, not even "food for reflection"— a hard day's ride, followed by a night of fasting, if not one of prayer.

The next day, returning up the Back road, McNeill learned that a guard of a hundred cavalry had been posted by Sheridan at a bridge about a mile south of Mt. Jackson. He considered, if that guard could be captured and the bridge burned, Sheridan's supply trains would be interrupted and a fresh supply of horses secured. He therefore determined to make the attack at daybreak next morning. Meanwhile his force was being reduced from sheer exhaustion. The men could survive, but many of the horses had reached the limit of endurance. One man, escaping the Captain's eye, rode to a farm house in quest of horse feed, but the granary was empty, if not "swept and garnished." To establish her loyalty, however, to the Rangers, the lone woman of the house produced what the boys called "bread and spread"—a slice an inch thick cut clear

across the loaf, covered with butter and topped off with a liberal layer of apple-butter—the taste whereof lingers still.

When we reached a point opposite Edinburg, heavy cannonading up the Valley could be distinctly heard, and assuming that Sheridan and Earle were engaged in battle, McNeill decided to burn the bridge at Edinburg, hoping thereby to retard Sheridan if he should retreat. Four men were detailed to execute the order. The sudden appearance of four Confederates in the street was a new sensation in the village. That typical autumnal afternoon of October 2d was probably Sunday, for the women and children who crowded the doors were "fixed up" in neat looking calico dresses, the best outfit which the times afforded. When it became known that the purpose of the Confederates was to burn the bridge, the sensation reached its climax. The women refused to give matches or fire, because, they insisted, if the bridge was burned, the Federals would retaliate by burning the village. Swayed between sympathy and duty, as was Coriolanus before the gates of Rome, those Confederates affected to fire the bridge with an armful of straw which, it was believed, would make a smoke that McNeill could see from the adjoining hill, but which would not ignite the timbers of the bridge—nor did it. Returning to the shelter of the hills, he rested his men and horses for a few hours and then started for Mt. Jackson.

The bridge over the Shenandoah, about a mile and a half south of Mt. Jackson, was an important link in the chain of connection between Sheridan's army and his base of supplies, and of first importance in the emergency of a retreat. He had ordered what was considered a sufficiently strong guard—a

hundred men—detached from the 8th Ohio Cavalry, to protect that point. The guard-camp was located near the south end of the bridge, and on the east side of the pike.

McNeill assumed that the point of least resistance would be the rear, or east side of the camp. He advanced under cover of night along the west side of the Valley, and passed

Mt. Jackson Bridge, near which Captain McNeill was wounded.

quite four miles south of the camp, then taking an easterly course, crossing the Shenandoah River at Neff's ford, thence to Meems' bottoms. To reach the point of attack, his line of march described a half circle of eight miles. Within four hundred yards of the camp the column was halted, a line of

attack formed, and orders were given in a low tone. The advance was to be made in a walking gait, a straight-line-front to be preserved until the command to "charge" should be given: then, with a yell, to drive spurs and dash among the tents, each man to become his own commander.

McNeill preferred not to attack in the dark, but rather as the first gray dawn appeared, yet he found that to linger then would be so extremely hazardous, he decided to attack at once. The advance was made in due order and quiet, even the tramp of the horses was muffled by the sod of the meadow. The outline of the tents could be discerned by the dim light of the camp fires.

Scarcely half the intervening space had been passed when the silence was broken by the call of the camp-guard to "halt," and simultaneously he fired a shot. McNeill's response was prompt, and his voice rang with its old-time vigor, "Charge!" With a wild yell his men dashed toward the first row of tents, but at that point there was a momentary pause in the center of the line, the two wings of the line curving meanwhile toward the center, forming a crescent, and at the same time pistols and carbines were cracking in every direction, though it was still too dark to distinguish a friend from a foe. But the pause was only momentary. It was as if men accustomed to following an intrepid leader required a second thought to make self-leadership real. Then, like the drop of a thunderbolt, the whole troop was in the midst of the camp, each man grappling with whatever conditions he found.

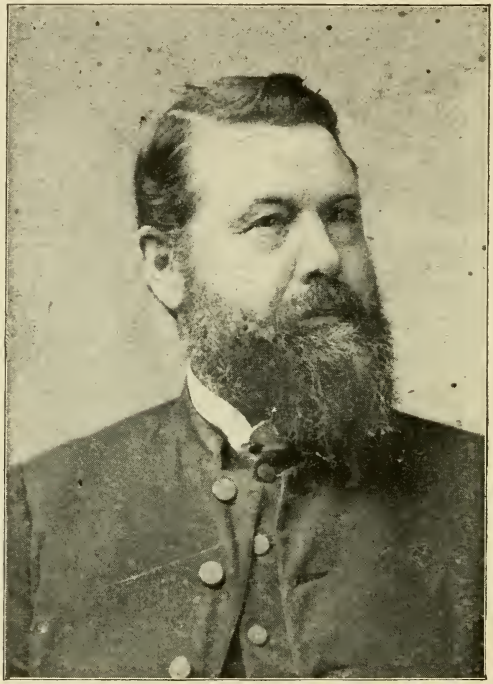
On the right, Davy Parsons had just passed the first tent when a tall Yankee, already mounted, made a dash at him with

drawn saber, but Parson's shot was too quick for him, and the man fell from his horse. Parsons jumped down to secure his pistol, and had hardly done so before he was face to face with two other Yankees on the ground. With a pistol in each hand he leveled on the two men at the same time, both of whom affected to surrender, but while he was disarming one, the other slipped behind a horse and disappeared.

On the first charge, Bob Lobb's horse ran off and, leaping camp fires, skipping tents and escaping shots, carried him beyond the camp. But wheeling, Lobb was soon in the midst of things, and while this scribe, with an empty pistol, was endeavoring to persuade a brother in blue to "behave himself," Lobb appeared on the scene with five loaded revolvers and settled the "controversy" without a casualty. W. H. Pool dashed through the camp and overtook some of the escaping enemy, and brought down one with a bullet whom his word could not stop. Among the tents and on the outskirts thirty Rangers were desperately busy dealing with a hundred Federals. In less time than it takes to tell the story the work was done.

But meanwhile, and before firing had ceased, it was whispered that Captain McNeill was shot. Parsons, who is referred to above, was in pursuit of his third Yankee when he discovered the Captain on the ground. He had fallen inside the first line of tents, and was lying on his left side with his head raised on his elbow. George Little, whom we called "Mammy" because he was our commissary, was at his side, and soon others came, among them Lieut. Jesse C. McNeill. The wounded Captain outlined the route which the men and prisoners should take and then added, "move at once and leave me to my fate."

By the time the men and prisoners were in line, the Captain had been lifted to his saddle by Parsons, Little, Wayne Cosner, Nelson Kiracoffe and Marcellus Alexander. One man



Rev. Addison Weller

led the horse, while the others with difficulty supported the Captain. It was hoped he could be taken out of the enemy's lines, but before proceeding half a mile it became evident his

condition was too serious for him to be moved at all. The nearest dwelling was on the pike about a mile south of the camp, and was occupied by Rev. Addison Weller, a Methodist preacher. In the side yard of that house the Captain was lifted from his horse, a swift and tough little roan he had captured near John Arnold's, on Knobly Mountain, West Virginia, in his first exploit as leader of the Rangers, and which had served him in practically all his campaigns.

As he lay on the grass, his men, with sixty prisoners and horses, filed through the same gate, many of them lingering in pathetic devotion at the side of their suffering chief. When all had passed and the column was heading toward the mountain on the west side of the Valley, it developed that there was at least one praying man in the company, for that man wheeled his horse, went back and, kneeling beside the Captain, offered a fervent petition, commending him to a merciful God. The survivors of McNeill's Rangers do not need to be told at this late day that the man was Nelson Kiracoffe, a lovable character whose piety commanded the respect, as his courage did the admiration of his comrades in arms.

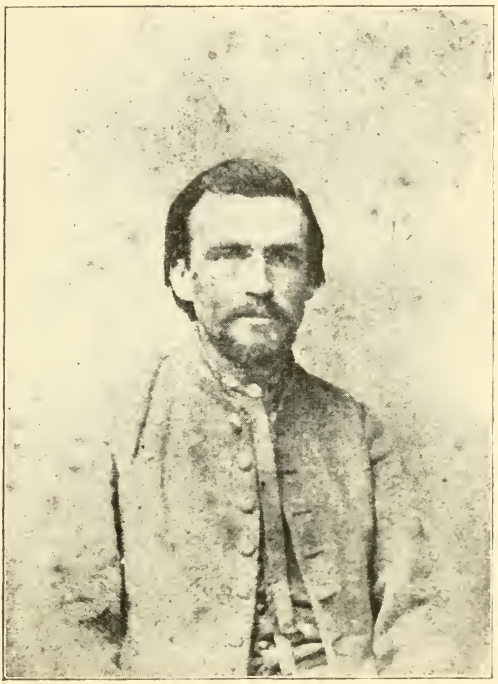
All possible haste was made to get the prisoners out of the Valley. The guard on duty at the bridge, with others who had escaped with their horses and arms, harrassed the rear of our column for several miles, their shots, however, flying wide of the mark—perhaps intentionally vagrant to avoid striking their own men, for the predominance of blue coats in the line suggested a company of Federals rather than Confederates. Trailing far up the mountain side, a halt was made and a council held: what should be done with the prisoners, for there

was no hope of reaching Early's army or a Confederate prison. They were paroled. Sworn on the virgin rocks and released, they scampered down the mountain like children let out of school.

The man who had served as guide through the eventful night and had rendered valuable service in many ways, was Captain Hugh Ramsey Koontz, Company K of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's brigade. He was a native of Mt. Jackson. On taking leave of the Rangers, after the release of the prisoners, Captain Koontz was invited to select one of the best of the captured horses. He was not long in making choice. With scant apology, this writer was prevailed on to dismount. He took my horse—but a few hours before the Yankee Captain's horse, a glossy bay, with mettle to make good every mark of excellence which its graceful form presaged. Yet now, there is but little doubt, the episode shared the irony of fate. If Captain Koontz was on that horse four days later, which is quite probable, the spirited beast "made good" by returning to its own kith, kin and color, if not to its own country; for the gallant Koontz, leading the 7th Virginia Cavalry in a charge on the Orkney Springs road, fell mortally wounded, and the riderless horse dashed into the enemy's lines.

From the mountainside Parsons was dispatched on a fresh horse to Moorefield, fifty miles west, to bring Mrs. McNeill to her wounded husband. For two nights and near noon of the third day Parsons had been almost continuously in the saddle. Life would be a failure should there be no opportunity for a nap. No surprise then or blame either, if in that third night, while pressing over the Howard's Lick Mountain, a brush of

the tree limbs in his face awoke him where—he knew not where. He had lost his way. Perhaps the new Yankee horse, already inoculated by the rider with the guerrilla spirit, had taken to the bushes as a natural result. Nevertheless, Parsons was soon



Lieutenant I. S. Welton.

back in the road, and before day dawn the sorrowful message he bore was breaking the heart of Mrs. McNeill.

The regretful, not to say the aggravating, feature in the case of Captain McNeill was our having to leave him in what was then practically the enemy's territory; and no one felt that more keenly than himself. He had been a prisoner once. In the early part of the war, in Missouri, he had fallen into the hands of the enemy, being slightly wounded at the time, but made his escape, and pioneered his way by a tortuous route to the South Branch Valley in Hardy County, W. Va. His prison experience was short but acute. It had deepened his horror of capture, as it had also kindled his courage with a new fire. From the hour of his escape, if not before, he was a strenuous fighter. Toward the prisoner he was uniformly considerate and humane, not to say sympathetic; but the armed foe he fronted with an all-consuming and relentless purpose. The small revolver at his side rarely came from its cover. His trusty weapon was a double-barrel shot gun, loaded with buck shot, and he coveted close range.

The method of warfare adopted by General Francis Marion harmonized with McNeill's nature and environments—to spring a surprise on the enemy and effectually disable him before he could grasp the situation, and although he rarely brought into action a tithe of the men that Marion commanded, yet in skill of leadership and feat of arms, the achievements of McNeill transcend those of the Revolutionary hero.

To recount his captures would be to write a history of his operations, which is not the purpose of this narrative, yet an example may be given: By daybreak attack, September 11, 1863, with his men dismounted, he surprised a camp of the First West Virginia Infantry, six companies, under Major

Stephenson, on Cemetery Hill, near Moorefield, and captured the entire outfit, except the Major, who escaped half clad in the darkness with a few of his men. Among the prisoners taken were 3 captains, 5 lieutenants and 144 privates. McNeill's casualties were Lieut. Welton and W. H. Maloney painfully, but not seriously, wounded.

Having said this much, it is but just to add that when Lieut. Jesse C. McNeill succeeded to the Captaincy he was no less daring and successful than his father, as the following incident will indicate: Three miles north of Moorefield, November 27, 1864, with less than fifty men, in open daylight and a clear field, he led the charge against 150 Federal Calvary commanded by Lieut.-Col. R. E. Fleming, who occupied a strong position and was supported by a piece of artillery; but the young Captain fell on them with such desperate intent that they were soon dislodged, and, having put them to rout, he directed a squad to press their rear, while himself, with the remaining fragment of his force, swept across the Old Fields, taking a short cut, and intercepted the fleeing column at the junction of the Old Maid's Lane and the main road, where a hand to hand encounter ensued with sabers and the butts of empty pistols. He captured their artillery, wagon and ambulance, and the large number of killed, wounded and prisoners taken, left but a fraction of the enemy to escape. The incident has additional significance when it is remembered that Colonel Fleming had been equipped and sent out with special orders to "capture, destroy or otherwise annihilate McNeill." That night McNeill camped at the southern edge of Moorefield, using the Court House in the town as a garrison for the prisoners.

The next morning at daybreak a detachment of Colonel Fleming's force, which had been dispatched by another route to act in conjunction with him, entered the Moorefield Valley, and, not having learned of the Colonel's defeat the evening before, dashed into the town. McNeill rose from his blanket in fighting trim and hurled them back through the streets, anticipating a morning meal in the shape of another batch of prisoners; but those Yankees were mounted on race horses which distanced their pursurers, and in getting out of the Valley they antedated the flying machine by fifty years.

At the time of the Mt. Jackson incident, the Confederate records at Richmond show, McNeill had captured 2,600 prisoners—about forty prisoners for each man in active service. A reputable authority on the war says of the Rangers: "It has been a mystery how they operated so long and so successfully in a territory often occupied by overwhelming forces of the enemy, and yet they seldom or never made a miscalculation or a fatal blunder. Whether they were assailants or acting on the defensive they were equally successful."

The Rev. Mr. Weller and his family vacated their own bedroom for Captain McNeill, and while still in the flurry of the events of the morning, several wounded Federals were brought from the camp and left at their house. The peril of sheltering a wounded rebel, especially McNeill, whom Sheridan had designated as "the most dangerous and daring of all the bushwackers," it was hoped would be measurably relieved, if not altogether neutralized, by the presence of wounded Federals in the same house. But that hope was dashed. A suspicion soon developed into a probability that the wounded Con-

federate was Captain McNeill. The first squad of Federals who bolted into the house to make investigation were informed that the man's name was John Hanson, which was true, but not the whole truth, for his full name was John Hanson McNeill. To escape participation in that ruse, the preacher host, for the time being, joined the "choir invisible." Those in-

Partial view of Weller house, showing one-story end in which McNeill lay.

dustrious Federals showed no interest whatever in their own wounded comrades in the same house, one of whom died that night and was buried in the garden by the preacher.

A day or two later a Confederate deserter, who claimed to be able to identify McNeill, was secured and brought to the

house; but in the interval Mrs. Weller had cut off his heavy beard and long hair, and had so transformed his appearance that the man failed to recognize him; or, it may be, the guilty deserter, rebuked and smitten in conscience by the reproachful glances of Mrs. Weller, who recognized him as a former acquaintance, chose to falsify rather than betray. At any rate, he declared the wounded man was not McNeill.

Meanwhile the services of Dr. Leonidas Triplett, of Mt. Jackson, were secured. Dr. Triplett was an eminent physician and surgeon, with a wide experience in army practice, and withal a warm-hearted Southerner, two of whose sons, Joseph I. and John E., were members of McNeill's Rangers. The latter is now a clergymen of the Presbyterian Church.

Before Dr. Triplett made an examination of the wound, the general impression was that Captain McNeill had been shot by one of his own men. The ball had entered near the spinal column on the left side, between the lower rib and thigh, making a wound not unlike the fatal wound of President Garfield. Suspicion at first pointed to a certain man as having seized the opportunity for perpetrating the dastardly deed in revenge for a petty grievance. That man was an interloper who dropped into camp a few days before, and disappeared shortly after the Mt. Jackson incident. A maturer judgment, however, has discredited that suspicion.

Several years after the war a man who had served in the Federal Army claimed the distinction of having shot McNeill. His statement was that he had been captured and disarmed by one of the Rangers and left standing beside a horse, but that he had retained a small pocket pistol, and with that, reaching over

the neck of the horse, shot the captain. Conceding that the man was there, his story has the general air of improbability, and is contradicted by the nature of the wound; that is, if the shot was fired from the ground, as he asserts, the course of the ball should have been upward, whereas its course was downward. The ball entered where there was no bone to deflect, and taking a downward course lodged in the groin. Besides, if it had occurred, as the Federal soldier claimed, the presumption is the Captain would have been able to give some intelligible account of it; for in the few weeks in which he survived he discussed, at intervals, the situation. He could not explain how it occurred, but there was one thing of which he was definitely and painfully certain—he knew WHEN it occurred.

The only rational explanation, and the one in which the Captain concurred is, that in the dash against the first row of tents, himself a few paces in front leading the charge, when the firing was reckless and in the dark, he received his death wound. At that juncture, it will be recalled, there was a pause in the charge, unusual and mysterious as it was awkward and perilous, and near that spot, inside the line of the first tent, is where Parsons found him lying on the ground. The consensus of opinion is, he was accidentally shot by one of his own men.

While Dr. Triplett was giving attention to the patient, the situation became more serious on account of the extreme difficulty in obtaining proper nourishment. The resources of the country, in which two armies had been alternating for three years, were literally exhausted, and at that time the country

was overrun by detatchments, scouts and stragglers of Sheridan's army. Taking the chances of capture, John Triplett became the lone forager, and scoured the community for chickens, the broth of which, together with eggs, made up the dietary list.

Mrs. McNeill had lost no time in reaching the bedside of her husband, having crossed two rugged mountains on horseback. No woman could have been more admirably fitted for a crisis than Mrs. Jemima Cunningham McNeill, whose noble figure and graceful dignity of manner made her impressive in any circle. Refined and cultured, but not effeminate; resourceful and courageous, but not masculine; a religionist, without fanaticism; a saint, without sanctimony, she was prepared to discharge the double function of nurse and priest. Through her ministry, the hope of recovery revived, and the heart of her husband was blessed. If the former was destined to an early blight, the latter was assured by the presence and proof of those qualities which survive the tomb. Two hearts that for many years had been one in love, had become one in religious faith and experience.

Over a fortnight had passed when the Federal Army began to fall back, and, camping at Rude's Hill for the night, Sheridan made the Weller home his headquarters. After supper, General Sheridan expressed a desire to see the wounded Confederate, of whom he had heard, and whose identity had not yet been established. At the bedside he made sundry inquiries of the wounded man concerning the attack and capture of the Federals at the bridge, and then asked "are you not McNeill himself?" To which the Captain replied, "I am."

One of Sheridan's staff, a surgeon, who was in the room at the same time, stepped to the bedside and, extending his hand, said "Captain McNeill, I know you, and am sorry to find you in this condition. I was once a prisoner in your hands, and your treatment was so magnanimous, I now hold myself ready to render you any service in my power."

The next morning on leaving, the surgeon brought a supply of nourishment and drugs, not omitting a standard brand of liquid spirits.

But Sheridan's farewell that morning was not unlike in horror the dying Herod's scheme of massacre to make sure of mourners at his funeral. All the outbuildings of the Weller home were fired by his order, the proximity of some of them, it must have been known, would endanger if not destroy the dwelling. Fortunately, Early's cavalry pressing the Federal rear, arrived in time to help fight fire and save the dwelling, on one side of which the heat had already melted the window panes.

There was an ebb and flow in the currents of the two armies. For several days it was hard to tell which army was in possession of that section of the Valley. Sheridan meanwhile, proceeding on the principle that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, ordered a detail and ambulance to move McNeill down the Valley to a secure place in the Federal lines; but when the ambulance arrived, McNeill could not be found. The Weller family had conjectured the ominous silence of General Sheridan, and, but a few hours before, with the assistance of others, had placed McNeill in a Confederate ambulance en route to Harrisonburg.

For their unwearied kindness to Captain andMrs. McNeill, the Weller family deserve the highest commendation. The last message to this writer from McNeill's devoted and gallant son, Jesse, who died while this sketch was being prepared, was an expression of warm and grateful affection for the Wellers.

In Hill's hotel in Harrisonburg, Captain McNeill lingered until November 10, 1864, when, in the presence of his family, Mrs. McNeill, Miss Emma, Jesse C. and Hanson, and two nephews, Edward and Thomas Williams, of Hardy County—like Stonewall Jackson, also wounded by his own men, like him also, he passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees.

He was buried in the Harrisonburg cemetery with Masonic honors. Two months later the body was removed and interred in the cemetery at Moorefield, where it now reposes, surrounded by many of his fallen officers and men, and surmounted by a graceful shaft, the lone sentinel on the hill top keeping watch over the beautiful Valley where he was born, and the scene of many of his daring and brilliant exploits.

Captain Jesse C. McNeill

MUSTER ROLL

THIS roster includes, as far as can be secured, the entire enrollment of McNeill's Rangers during the war, but only about one-third of the number were on the effective list at any one time:

McNeill, John H., Captain
McNeill, Jesse C., Captain
Welton Isaac S., Lieutenant
Dolan, Bernard J.. Lieutenant
Boggs, Augustus A., Lieut.
Vandiver, Joseph L., Lieut.
Taylor, Harrison, 1st Sergeant
Daily, Chas. James, Sergeant
Hopkins, David E., Sergeant
Little, George, Sergeant
Judy, Isaac S., Sergeant
Miles, William, Sergeant

Acker. John
Alexander, M. S.
Allen, Green M.
Allen, J. Herman
Allen, I.
Albright, James
Armentrout, Sol.
Athey, William N.
Anderson, Nathan H.

Bacon, P. E.
Baldwin, Henry
Bare, William
Barnum, Joseph V.
Bean, David F.
Bean, Fred.
Bierkamp, William C.
Bennett, Henry
Bobo, Jack
Bowman, Jack
Blakemore, William
Blakemore, George
Branson, William
Brathwaite, Newton
Browning, Ed. R.

Clary, Lloyd Lowndes
Clary, Richard L.
Clary, Thaddeus W.
Carson, John
Cain, Thomas
Carrell, George
Cleaver, William
Clutter, Jeff. W.
Cannon, Jack
Congar, David
Connelly, Jack
Cooper, J.
Coleman, Jack
Cokeley, John
Cokley, George
Coffman, Joseph
Cosner, Wayne
Cresap, Van S.
Chisholm, W. Wallace
Crawford, James W.
Childs, Benj.
Cunningham, John H.
Cunningham, Geo. F.

Davis, Rezin C.
Davis, Frank
Daugherty, Samuel
Decvemon, Peter
Dyce, Samuel
Dyer, Robin
Duffey, J. W.
Duval, H. Rieman

Enright, E. C.
Fay, John B.
Fisher, John O.
Frederick, Lewis

Gray Sinclare K.
Grady, George

Harness, Geo. S.
Harness, W. W.
Hack, Andrew C.
Harper, John
Harbaugh, Adam
Harvey, John L.
Halterman, John
Hess, James K. P.
Heavener, Jesse
Hallar, C. Ritchie
Hill, Ervin C.
High, John W.
Hopkins, William
Houck, J. William
Houseworth, John
Hoard, Hiram
Hutton, John
Hoye, Wm. D.
Hunter, W.
Hutter, C. R.

Jacobs, Geo. W.
Johnson, Fisher

MUSTER ROLL—Continued.

Johnson, Charles
Johnson, John
Jones, Samuel M.
Jones. H. Clay
Judy, David

Kellerman, Henry
Kiracofe, Nelson

Larey, Matt
Liggett, Robert
Logan, Lloyd D.
Long, John R.
Lobb, Robert G.
Lynn, John G.
Lynn, Sprigg S.
Luke, William

Mace, John
Martin, William
Martin, Taylor
Maginnis, James
Markwood, J. W.
Markwood, George
Mason, James W.
Maloney, Wm. H.
Magalis, William
Maupin, A. Lincoln
Michael, Isaac
Miller, Simon
Miller, Rader
Miller, Charles F.
Miller, James
Mills, Reuben
Mitchell, James
Mountz, John D.
Moore, Samuel
McQuade, John

Neville, Thornton
Nichols, Charles W.
Norris, William

Ohaver, M. V.
Ohaver, John W.
Overmon, John
O'Rourke, John
Oats, Isaac E.

Parker, Joseph A.
Painter, N. B.
Parsons, David M.
Pennybaker, J. Ed.
Pool, William H.

Reed, John
Ridder, Henry W.
Richardson, John
Richards, Ben. Frank.
Riddleberger, Joseph
Roger, John
Robinson, I. N.
Rosser, Robert R.
Rhodes, Oliver L.

Seymour, Abel
Seymour, William
Seymour, Henry
Showalter, David R.
Showalter, John
Shore, Harry W.
Sanders, James
Shafer, Samuel H.
Smith, John
Smith, Daniel
Seaman, William
Seaman, Jacob
Shytiger, William
Shryock, James
Scott, F.
Shipman, Jonathan
Shoemaker, William
Steele, John
Stewart. Fred A.
Stickley, J. Snyder
Spalding, B. William

Tabb, Peyton
Tabb, Harlan P.
Temple, James M.
Taylor, George R.
Tevebaugh, Isaac
Tucker, Samuel T.
Tucker, Erasmus
Trumbo, Morgan G.
Triplett, Joseph I.
Triplett, John E.
Trusheart, Henry M.

Vallandigham, Jas. L.
Vandiver, George V.
Van Pelt, John

Watkins, Charles W.
Westmoreland, M.
Welsh, James
White, Charles W.
Wotring, Benj. F.
Whitmer, John
Williamson, John B.
Wilson, John
Wilson, James
Williams. V. Osceola.

A MONTH after General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox, Captain Jesse C. McNeill with a fragment of his company met, by previous agreement, a detachment of Federal cavalry at the residence of David Gibson, a mile west of Romney, West Virginia, and were paroled and disbanded May 10, 1865.

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